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feeling half patriotism and half of the race that has no country, its cut was far deeper than that of Voltaire. If he often seemed the most careless of *persifleurs*, the real strength of Heine, as of Byron, lay in the sad sincerity which was the base of his humor. If his lyrical poems lack the *vivida vis* of nationality which marks those of Béranger, it may well be forgiven to a man of Jewish birth, and they are certainly the most graceful, easy, and pathetic of modern times. Heine is not a mocker from any want of deep and genuine feeling, so much as from disappointed and disillusioned enthusiasm. But this is not the place for a critical estimate of him, and Mr. Leland, in his present volume, and his translation, some years since, of the "Book of Songs," has done much to enable even such as cannot read the originals to form a judgment for themselves.

A man of various cultivation and genial temperament, himself the author of the most spirited lyric our war has called forth, and an ardent appreciator of his author, Mr. Leland certainly brought eminent qualifications to his labor of love. And he has fully justified the expectation of those who augured most highly of his success from their knowledge of his fitness. He would himself, we have no doubt, assent cheerfully to the axiom of Cervantes, that no translation of poetry can be made without sensible loss of that indefinable *aroma* which characterizes the writing of masters in their own language. But, granting that, we never read a volume of translations which had a higher, or even an equal merit, unless we except those of Mr. Brooks. Mr. Leland's versions are faithful, easy, and elegant, conveying with curious nicety the tone as well as the meaning of the original. He who has this book almost has Heine. In mere externals, the volume is a very pretty one, and we hope the publisher will be encouraged to give us others in the same line, not only because they would be entertaining, but because they are of real value in helping us to understand the modes of thought and feeling of a people destined to mingle its blood so largely with our own.

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15. — *The Two Legacies*. Cambridge: Printed at the Riverside Press. 1863. 16mo. pp. 71.

THIS beautiful little volume was among the most graceful and appropriate contributions to the recent fair in Boston for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. It deserves not to pass away with the occasion, for "The Two Legacies" is a story of rare sweetness, purity, and tenderness. It is not a story of actual characters and life; but the fulness of imaginative sympathy which it displays makes it, in a higher sense,

a story of real life, and of truth to nature. It is for grown people even more than for children ; for its moral, most delicately conveyed, is one which the old, not less than the young, need to lay to heart.

A talent so individual, of such marked refinement, of such womanly quality, as that of which "The Two Legacies" gives proof, ought not to remain hidden hereafter.

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16. — *Substance and Shadow ; or, Morality and Religion in their Relation to Life. An Essay upon the Physics of Creation.* By HENRY JAMES. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1863. 8vo. pp. x., 539.

THE "Substance" is Morality, — the feeling of self-hood, of isolation ; the attitude, in which the natural man stands, of indifference, neutrality towards good and evil, Heaven and Hell. The "Shadow" of this opaque self-assertion is Religion, — a sense of opposition to God, of forfeiture of the Divine favor.

It is somewhat startling to hear that *moral* means indifferent to good, and to find religion in the place which, in Goethe's epigram, is occupied by evil, as the shadow that dogs every created thing. But we soon discover that something more and something opposite is meant. Morality is an antagonism existing only that the Supreme Good may have something to overcome, in order therein to reveal itself. Religion is not mere darkness, but rather the negative power of light, creating a background for its own manifestation.

With this interpretation the statement becomes more acceptable, but still seems one-sided, needlessly paradoxical. Of course morality *includes* the power of self-isolation ; religion *includes* the sense of unworthiness ; but this is a very partial account of them. It is like saying that man is an animal. Certainly he is an animal, but to say this seems to assert that he is nothing more. This aspect of paradox comes from a vehement desire on the part of Mr. James to enforce at once what he considers to be the true meaning of finite existence, and to confute in advance the universal opposite error, — universal with the exception of Swedenborg. Indeed, throughout the book he steadily maintains an attitude of extreme contempt towards the reader ; evidently considers him as besotted with old notions, not likely to comprehend what is said to him, nor even to attend to it, and accordingly plies him with paradoxes, sarcasms, lively thrusts, and pungent epithets, intent to keep him awake and alert, but without any hope of acceptance.

Swedenborg's service to Philosophy he holds to consist in his vindication of natural self-hood as the condition of subsequent spiritual evo-